

## SARAH BERNHARDT DOESN'T KNOW YVETTE.

So Said the Great Actress Disdainfully Upon Her Arrival Here Yesterday.

She Knows the Compté and Comptesse de Castellane, Though, and Declared, the Former a Miser.

TAKING TO BLOOMERS, BUT QUIETLY.

She Wondered a Little at Yvette's Big Salary, and Sighed Softly—Looks Younger, and Thinks Bicycling the Cause.

Sarah Bernhardt arrived in this city yesterday morning on the French steamer La Champagne. She went immediately to the Hoffman House, where apartments had been prepared for her on the second floor. Game, a spaniel, which seemed jealous of the attentions Mme. Bernhardt was bestowing upon her visitors. She begins her engagement at Abbey's Theatre on the 20th—next Monday night.

The great French actress looks in decidedly better health than she did the last time she came to this country. She also looks a few years younger. Her rejuvenated appearance she attributes to the good health that she has been enjoying of late.

"If I came again five years hence," she said, with a laugh, "I would be too young then. Americans would not recognize me. You know, I'm a bicyclist. I am very fond of bicycling. All Paris is on wheels now. Perhaps the improved appearance people notice is due to that. I wear the costume that is most fitting for bicyclists—the bloomers—but I always ride in the Bois de Boulogne or some secluded place."

SHE LOVES CAMILLE.

"I shall appear here in a new play—'Yvette.' Then I play, for the first time here, 'Gismonda.' I will produce two other new plays—'Magda' and 'La Femme de Claude,' by Dumas. I fear to produce 'L'Arlesienne.' That is not a play the ladies would like. I am revising 'La Princesse Lointaine,' putting more action in it. Of course, I shall play 'La Dame aux Camellias' and 'Andrienne Lecouvreur.' I play it every time I come here, because it was in that character I made my debut in the 'United States' and was successful. I like all the characters that I play, but I do love 'Camille.' I play it every time I play the role. Oh, I feel the character so much in the pathetic parts of it, that after while I fancy I am participating in a drama in real life. You know, there are many such scenes in real life," she added, with a suggestion of a sigh.

"How long will I play here? Mr. Fol, is he not a man? (that's Mlle. Seglora, a member of her company), how long do we play here? Till the 15th of February. Upon my word, I didn't know. Suzanne, where do we go then? To Canada? Oh, yes, I remember now. We will then make a tour of the United States, going as far as New Orleans. Then we go to England."

"So Yvette Gullbert is getting \$4,000 a week? Suzanne, how much is \$4,000? Twenty thousand francs. Ah, that's a big price. But I suppose she is good in her line, although I don't know her. I heard she was quite successful in Paris, but I never saw her. You see, I never go into concert halls. But I'm glad she is successful here. Got \$3,000 for a private box? Suzanne, how much is \$3,000? Five thousand francs. Ah, well."

IRVING HER IDEAL.

"But how is it, then," she asked, earnestly, "that Rejane, such a real, good artist, was not successful here? I don't understand this. But the public is a riddle that we shall never solve." Yvette Gullbert said recently that Mme. Bernhardt was "passee" in Paris; that people said she had lost her sweet voice and that Yvette had found it.

"What do I think of Irving's interpretation of Macbeth? I can't criticize him impartially, for I simply adore him. Oh! I adore him! He is the same of art. It is no longer Irving as Macbeth, but Macbeth as Irving. Oh! I adore him! Now, there is Sybil Sanderson, who is a great friend of mine. I love her very much. She is a charming girl—a charming girl. She has been very successful in Paris, and she deserves her success. Massenet loves her very much. He wrote 'Esmeralda' for her, you know. He thinks she is a very talented woman. And she is."

KNOWS THE DE CASTELLANES.

"Have you met the Comtesse de Castellane?"

"Often. I know her well. Do you know, she has got pretty since she has been in Paris. She is a charming woman. She is very successful socially. She has been received in the best society in Paris."

She has dined with Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Ayer, and will in time have a salon of her own that is likely to become a feature of Parisian society. She is to build a house that will doubtless surpass all other private establishments in Paris. There is no reason why she should not be received in the best society. The De Castellanes belong to the best families of France. I've a lot of pater to the effect that the Compté buys his wife's wearing apparel. It is this way: He counsels her. That is the proper thing to do, as a Parisian, you know. He knows better what is suitable in Paris than she, an American."

"It is said he is very extravagant—that he has already spent \$1,000,000 of his wife's dowry."

"Lui? Mon Dieu, non! He is a veritable miser. But he is a good dresser. The reports that he was seen at the Trouville races—Ah! Yes, I've read that—in a Prince Albert made of white linen, wearing a pink shirt, a white collar and red necktie are only big jokes."

"No, I don't believe France would form a passive alliance with Germany in case the latter went to war with England. I don't think co-operation in war between these two countries will ever be possible. But I'm not much of a politician. Yes, I have followed the Venezuelan trouble. We in France never thought a war possible. England would not go to war with this country, anyway. She is generally subservient when hard pressed."

TALKS OF THE FASHIONS.

"The new fashions in Paris? I think they are simply horrid. I don't like them at all. Parisian women are to-day bell-shaped. They really look like bells. Sleeves? Well, they are not as large as formerly. They are not puffed on the shoulders. Will the daring skirts be replaced by more graceful clinging ones? Well, I hope so. Small bonnets are not worn any more."

"The prevailing color of hair? Ha! Ha! Well, it is brown just now, worn flat on the sides. Cosmetic is very much used in France, and so is rouge."

"Yes, I still have a small menagerie. I have five lions, a tiger and several dogs. But I gave my monkeys and my leopard to the Jardin des Plantes."

Mme. Bernhardt has turned to the Journal and said: "Let me see how you can recognize myself in this. That's very good!" Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris on October 22, 1844, and is therefore in her fifty-second year.

## SALOMON ARRESTED.

A Well-Known Newspaper Man Seized by the Spanish Authorities in Havana.

Havana, Jan. 12.—Charles A. Salomon, who claimed that he was a correspondent of the Journal of New York, was arrested here to-day on the arrival of the steamer Seneca, on which he had travelled from New York. The authorities had been notified of his departure, and of the fact that he was suspected of being in league with the insurgents. It is supposed that compromising letters were found in his possession. He was lodged in jail, and the officials refuse to allow any one to have communication with him.

Charles A. Salomon is a young journalist, well-known among newspaper men in this city. He has been a regular contributor of the Journal for two years or more.

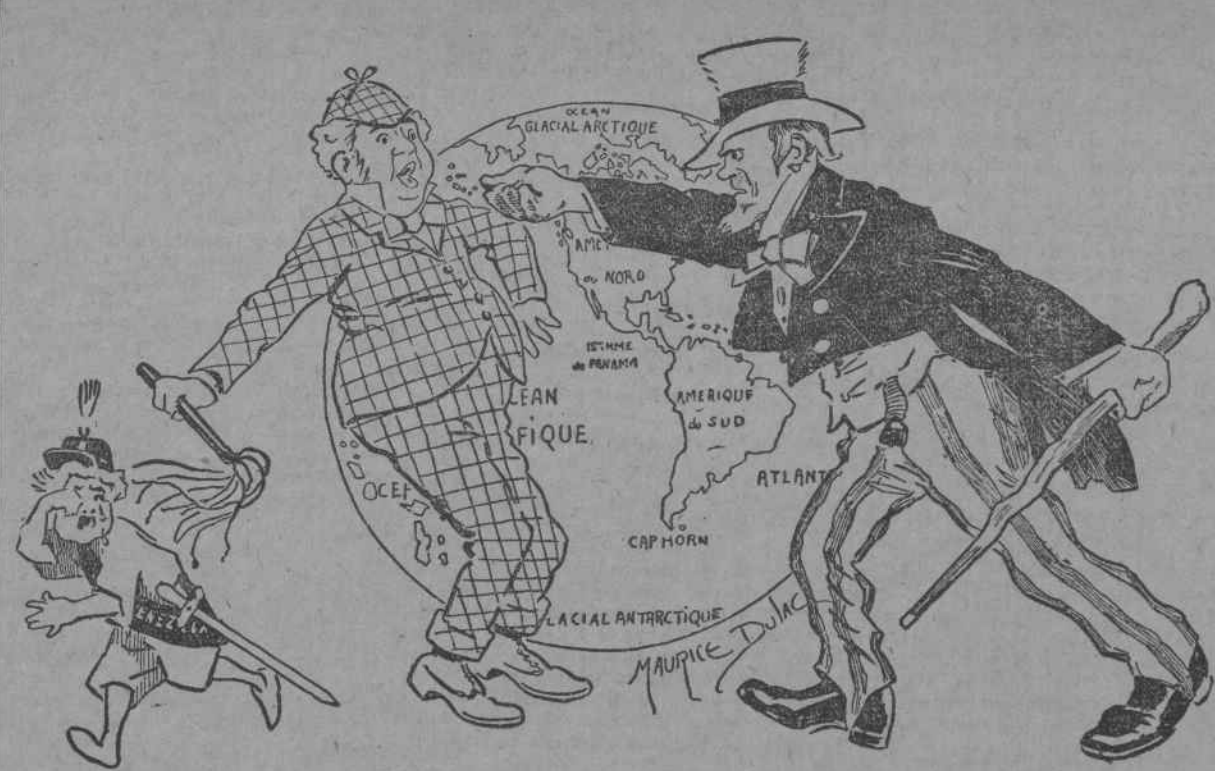
Ever since he became engaged in newspaper work he has made a specialty of South American news, and is, perhaps, better known at the Consulates of South American countries in this city than any other writer. He has written a great deal of the news of all the revolutions in those countries since he began his special line of work, and has been very successful.

When the Cuban revolution began he began dealing in the resulting news, and several papers throughout the country depended upon him for their information. He was a daily caller at the Cuban Junta, and also at the Spanish Consulate, showing no favor to either side.

He decided last week to go to Cuba to look over the places he had been writing about.

He made an arrangement to furnish the Journal with special articles while he was on the field, in addition to those forwarded by Charles Michelson, special Journal correspondent, and Lorenzo Bertanount, resident Havana correspondent.

Resailed for Havana on the Seneca last Wednesday afternoon. It is a well-known fact that all persons, reporters especially, who visit the Cuban Junta in this city regularly by detectives and that their movements are reported to the Spanish authorities. The young man's regularity in going there after news has no doubt led to his being suspected as a sympathizer



THE FRENCH IDEA OF THE VENEZUELAN SITUATION.

Say, John, how soon are you going to let that little fellow alone? Oh! Since you place it on sentimental grounds, I can refuse you nothing, my dear Jonathan.

## MR. HARRISON WILL NOT MARRY NOW.

At a Proper Time His Engagement, if It Exists, Will Be Announced.

Positive Statements Concerning the Ex-President and Mrs. Dimmick.

Came East This Time to Attend to Business and Not for the Purpose of Marrying.

HOW THE GENERAL SPENT SUNDAY.

Left His Hotel at 10 A. M. and Called on Mrs. McKee—A Walk Afterward Took Him Near Mrs. Dimmick's Residence.

That ex-President Benjamin Harrison will not marry Mrs. Dimmick during his present trip East was learned positively yesterday.

A friend of Mr. Harrison, who has called on him since he arrived on Saturday, is authority for the statement that he came East to attend to matters of business.

"I know," said the informant, "that Mr. Harrison did not come East to get married. This rumor about his engagement to Mrs. Dimmick has been about among their acquaintances for some time, but whether it is true or not I cannot say. They have certainly fixed no time for the marriage. When they do fix a time the public will have no difficulty in getting the news, for the engagement will undoubtedly be announced to their friends and no bonds of secrecy will be put upon them."

CALLED ON HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Harrison spent the greater part of yesterday away from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he is stopping. He left there about 10:30 a. m. and called on his son-in-law and daughter, Mrs. McKee, at the Imperial Hotel. He left the Imperial about 1 o'clock.

Before returning to the Fifth Avenue Hotel Mr. Harrison walked through Thirty-second street and up Fifth avenue for a short distance. Mrs. Dimmick lives at No. 40 East Thirty-eighth street, but it is not thought that he called on her, for he was again at his room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel at a few minutes after 1 o'clock.

Mr. Harrison ate luncheon alone, left the hotel at 3 o'clock and did not return until after 5 o'clock.

Police Commissioner Frederick D. Grant called on Mr. Harrison at 5:30 o'clock. His

visit was of short duration. In speaking about it he said:

"I only called to pay my respects to General Harrison, as I always do when he is in the city. My call was purely a social one. We did not talk of politics."

Mr. Harrison remained in his room during the rest of the evening, except for an hour between 8 and 9 o'clock, when he dined alone in the public dining room. He will go to Washington to-morrow to attend the hearing before the United States Supreme Court of the California irrigation cases in behalf of the Leland Stanford estate. He may return to this city for a day before going back to Indianapolis.

## A HOT RUN FOR TROUSERS.

David Cohen Was Robbed but He Gave Chase Wrapped in a Blanket.

David Cohen says he never was a heavy sleeper, but hereafter he will cultivate a cat's alertness in that respect, or sleep with one eye open. At the point of his deepest slumber, in the early hours of yesterday morning, he was aroused by a slight noise in his room. Mr. Cohen occupies a small furnished apartment at No. 27 Moore street, Williamsburg.

His trousers lay over the back of a chair near the bed, and the first thing he did on awaking was to look toward that chair. There stood a man.

"Hello! What the—!" he exclaimed, but the last word was never fully uttered. The man and the trousers cut the sentence short by making a jump for the door. Cohen jumped, too, and with him went one of the blankets.

The burglar was on a flight of stairs ahead, but Cohen tried to overtake him by yelling. He had been sleeping in his under shirt, but he had the blanket. At every jump he shouted, "Stop, thief!" and by the time he reached the door every one else in the house was aroused.

The thief was away up Moore street, and Cohen, determined to get his trousers or his trousers, wrapped the blanket about him and continued the pursuit. It was a cold morning, and the blanket's lower end, pinned to the wall, was the only thing that kept him from falling. He was a good runner, but he was not a good climber, and he discovered that he had lost his watch.

## INSTALLED BY REV. DR. HALL.

Rev. William Hughes is Now Pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, last night installed Rev. William Hughes as the pastor of the Knox Presbyterian Church, Seventy-second street and Second avenue. In addition to the installation ceremonies, the new pastor's infant child, Elizabeth Strong Hughes, was baptized by Dr. Hall.

The church was crowded, many of the Fifth Avenue parishioners attending. In his sermon, Dr. Hall told the congregation of their duties to their God, their country and their new pastor. He admonished the pastor to be true to himself, his God and to the flock he had been delegated to

care. Dr. Joseph Sanderson delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. F. N. Marling the charge to the people.

## HELD ON AND WHISTLED, WEARY OF HER ALIMONY?

Brave Fight of Policeman George Reigle with Two Desperate Thieves.

His Police Call in His Teeth, He Grasped the Men and Summoned Help.

FELLOW PATROLMAN TO HIS AID.

He Comes in Time to Make the Capture Certain, but Unfortunately Breaks Reigle's Hand with a Blow of His Club.

Policeman George Reigle, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, had his hand badly broken while trying to arrest two Harlem toughs, at 8 o'clock yesterday morning.

While patrolling his beat he saw three suspicious looking men lurking about Third avenue, and he attempted to follow them. They turned down East One Hundred and Ninth street and disappeared. Under the impression that they were hiding in some house near by he waited, and presently observed them coming from the cellar of a wholesale liquor store at No. 201 East One Hundred and Ninth street, kept by Daniel J. Kerin.

Two of the men were carrying a five-gallon demijohn of whiskey, which they had evidently stolen from the store. Blowing a shrill blast on his whistle Policeman Reigle rushed at the two men seizing each by the coat collar. The third man ran away.

PIERCE FIGHT BEGUN.

The two dropped the demijohn and began a desperate struggle with the policeman. Reigle pluckily held on to the pair and continued to blow the whistle he held between his teeth, until a terrific blow in the face deprived him of it.

For more than five minutes the unequal struggle went on. The policeman could not hold his prisoners, and was powerless to recuperate their blows. At length Policeman Watt, of the same station, came to the rescue, but was he attempted to strike one of the men with his club, the active fellow dodged, and the full weight of the weapon descended upon Reigle's hand, which was grasping the thief's collar.

He was compelled to let go, and the rufian made a dash for escape. Thinking to trip him, Reigle put out his foot, when the other man pushed him, and the pair fell heavily to the sidewalk, amid the debris of the broken demijohn.

He still held on to his prisoner, however, while Watt pushed and caught the other man. They were both safely landed at the One Hundred and Fourth Street Station.

BLOW BROKE THE BONES.

It was found that the bones in Reigle's hand were broken in two places. One fracture was near the middle, and the other at the knuckles. Yesterday he lay very ill at his home, No. 132 East One Hundred and Ninth street, and he may be incapacitated for some time.

The prisoners, who gave their names and addresses as Patrick O'Rourke, aged eighteen, living at a lodging house in Third avenue, between One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth streets, and James Holden, aged twenty, of No. 274 East One Hundred and Eleventh street, were arraigned in Harlem Police Court yesterday morning and held in the house of detention.

Policeman Reigle has an excellent reputation on the force for zeal and bravery. He has several times before been very badly injured by men whom he was endeavoring to arrest, but in no instance has he permitted a prisoner to escape his clutches. He has many wounds and scars as the result of these encounters.

## INVADDED PRIVATE HOUSES.

A Barbadoes Officer and a Pinkerton Man Work with a High Hand.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 12.—A number of the citizens of Providence have complained to the police authorities that during the week the privacy of their homes had been invaded by an officer who claimed to be searching for an embezzler who had escaped from the Barbadoes. In spite of their protests the man had forced his way into houses and persisted in searching them. In each instance he had been unsuccessful.

The police have discovered that the offender is a special officer of the Government of Barbadoes, who, aided by the Pinkerton detectives of Boston, have been looking for a fugitive named Allenby. While the man is charged with appropriating a little over \$20, he is said to be the most important witness in the prosecution of a corrupt gang of court officials, and that he is attempting to avoid arrest in order to shield them. At the time of his residence in the Barbadoes, Allenby was a clerk of court.

The police have warned the officer, whose name is Turner, to discontinue his practices of entering houses, and he has consented, but two of the injured parties threaten immediate prosecution. Turner went to Boston this morning.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont May Return the Settlement to Her Former Husband.

Save for a Short Spin in a Sleigh the Newly-Wed Couple Remained in Belmont.

DISAPPOINTED THE CHURCH-GOERS.

They Expected to See the Belmonts at Trinity—Little Prospect of a Contest for the Custody of the Vanderbilt Children.

Newport, R. I., Jan. 12.—It was very gloomy in Newport to-day, and Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont remained within the walls of Belmont in the morning. It was expected that they would attend Trinity Church, and consequently there was a large congregation there, but the congregation was doomed to disappointment.

The early boat from New York this morning brought a sleigh for Mr. Belmont, and this afternoon he and his bride took a short spin around the ocean drive, keeping away from the city. They had no callers; in fact, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wharton are the only ones in their set now here. No telegrams of congratulation have been received by either, nor have they communicated in any way with the outside world since their arrival here.

The latest rumor connected with the wedding is that Mrs. Belmont is seriously considering the advisability of relinquishing her claim to the alimony granted her by William K. Vanderbilt. Under the settlement made at the time of the divorce she enjoys an annual income of \$200,000, and the securities which provide this sum have passed out of Mr. Vanderbilt's custody.

In her present position she is independent of this alimony, and it was to-day reported that steps toward returning it to her former husband have already been taken. All attempts to verify the report have been fruitless.

The statement that Marble House is for sale is news here, as it was thought that Belmont was the house to be sold, and that when they returned here next season they would entertain at Marble House.

## SOCIETY TALKS IT OVER

No Contest for His Children Expected from W. K. Vanderbilt.

The Belmont-Vanderbilt wedding was the chief topic of Society's conversation yesterday. Every phase of it was discussed and every detail commented upon. Many were the opinions expressed—not for publication, of course, but none the less decided.

"Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is the luckiest woman in this world," said a friend of hers who has known her ever since she was Miss Alva E. Smith.

"She has the deepest luck line in her hand I have ever seen, so deep that palmists have remarked upon it. It might almost be mistaken for a scar."

"Think of her magnificent social year. To marry one of the highest circles of society; to attain the highest circle of society; marry her daughter to a Duke, who might have married into the royal family of England, and then marry a man whom she really loves!"

"There is no doubt," continued her friend, "that Mrs. Vanderbilt's marriage to Mr. Belmont is a love match. They are devotedly fond of each other, and he is deeply attached to her children."

Whether the children will continue to reside with their mother is a question which is deeply interesting society. That Mr. Vanderbilt would like to have them live with him nobody doubts. A rumor has been circulated that Mr. Vanderbilt will endeavor to regain them, but unless this can be accomplished through some amicable arrangement it seems highly improbable that he will even attempt it.

A lawyer well known in society made the statement last night that once the Court has awarded a parent the custody of the children, the other parent cannot regain possession of them, unless it be proven that the guardian selected by the Court is not the proper person to care for them, or that he or she ill-treats them. Mrs. Belmont is a model mother, and in every way devoted to her children.

The absence of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., from the ceremony on Saturday has lent some color to the belief expressed by many that the children will now favor their father's guardianship. Young Vanderbilt returned to his school at Southport, Mass., at the expiration of the holidays.

## AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH LA GRANDE SARAH.

(Sketched by a Journal staff artist.)



"I'm a bicyclist. Perhaps the improved appearance people notice in me is due to that."

"If I came again five years hence I would be too young then. Americans would not recognize me."

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